Therefore my Miſterſſe eyes are Rauen blacke,
Her eyes ſo ſuted,and they mourners ſeeme,
At ſuch who not borne faire no beauty lack,
Slandring Creation with a falſe eſteeme,
Yet ſo they mourne becomming of their woe,
That euery toung ſaies beauty ſhould looke ſo.

128

HOw oft when thou my muſike muſike playſt,
Vpon that bleſſed wood whoſe motion ſounds
With thy ſweet fingers when thou gently ſwayſt,
The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,
Do I enuie thoſe Iackes that nimble leape,
To kiſſe the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilſt my poore lips which ſhould that harueſt reape,
At the woods bouldnes by thee blufhing ſtand.
To be ſo tikled they would change their ſtate,
And ſituation with thoſe dancing chips,
Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more bleſt then liuing lips,
Since ſauſie Iackes ſo happy are in this,
Giue them their fingers,me thy lips to kiſſe.

129

TH'expence of Spirit in a waſte of ſhame
Is luſt in action,and till action, luſt
Is periurd,murdrous,blouddy full of blame,
Sauage,extreame,rude,cruell,not to truſt,
Inioyd no ſooner but diſpiſed ſtraight,
Paſt reaſon hunted, and no ſooner had
Paſt reaſon hated as a ſwollowed bayt,
On purpoſe layd to make the taker mad.
Made In purſut and in poſſeſſion ſo,
Had,hauing,and in queſt,to haue extreame,
A bliſſe in proofe and proud and very wo,
Before a ioy propoſd behind a dreame,
All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
To ſhun the heauen that leads men to this hell.

My

130

MY Miſtres eyes are nothi
Currall is farre more red
If ſnow be white,why then her
If haires be wiers,black wiers g
I haue ſeene Roſes damaskt,red
But no ſuch Roſes ſee I in her c
And in ſome perfumes is there
Then in the breath that from m
I loue to heare her ſpeake,yet w
That Muſicke hath a farre mo
I graunt I neuer ſaw a goddeſſe
My Miſtres when ſhee walkes t
And yet by heauen I thinke
As any ſhe beli'd with falſe c

I

THou art as tiranous,ſo as th
As thoſe whoſe beauties p
For well thou know'ſt to my d
Thou art the faireſt and moſt p
Yet in good faith ſome ſay tha
Thy face hath not the power to
To ſay they erre,I dare not be ſ
Although I ſweare it to my ſelf
And to be ſure that is not falſe
A thouſand grones but thinkin
One on anothers necke do witn
Thy blacke is faireſt in my iudg
In nothing art thou blacke ſa
And thence this ſlaunder as I th

13

THine eies I loue,and they a
Knowing thy heart torme
Haue put on black,and louing
Looking with pretty ruth vpo

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